

## BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

Taking effect Sunday, May 21, 1905.  
WEST BOUND.  
No. 1—Express, daily; arrive 12:52 a. m.  
No. 71—Accommodation, daily; arrive 7:26 a. m.  
No. 3—Express, daily; arrive 9:58 a. m.  
No. 15—Accommodation, daily; arrive 4:05 p. m.  
No. 55—Express, daily; arrive 7:28 p. m.  
EAST BOUND.  
No. 2—Express, daily; arrive 3:52 a. m.  
No. 14—Accommodation, daily; arrive 10:22 a. m.  
No. 12—Express, daily; arrive 5:40 p. m.  
No. 72—Accommodation, daily; arrive 6:58 p. m.  
No. 4—Express, daily; arrive 9:35 p. m.

## WEST VIRGINIA AND PITTSBURG DIVISION.

WEST BOUND.  
No. 1—Pickens and Fairmont, daily; arrive 8:40 a. m.; leave 10:30 a. m.  
No. 3—Weston & Pittsburgh, daily except Sunday; arrive 6:15 a. m.  
No. 5—Richwood & Morgantown, daily except Sunday, arrive 2 p. m. leave 4:10 p. m.  
No. 7—Richwood & Clarksburg, daily except Sunday; arrive 7:15 p. m.  
No. 69—Weston & Fairmont, Sunday only; arrive 7:20 p. m.  
EAST BOUND.  
No. 8—Clarksburg & Richwood, daily except Sunday, leave 6:00 a. m. a. m.; leave 11:25 a. m.  
No. 2—Morgantown & Richwood, daily except Sunday; arrive 8:50 a. m.  
No. 6—Fairmont and Pickens, daily; arrive 4:00 p. m.; leave 4:15 p. m.  
No. 4—Pittsburg & Weston, daily except Sunday; arrive 11:10 a. m.  
No. 66—Fairmont & Weston, Sunday only; arrive 9:35 a. m.; leave 10:35 a. m.

## WEST VIRGINIA SHORT LINE.

WEST BOUND.  
No. 57—Clarksburg & New Martinsville, daily; leave 5:50 a. m.  
No. 59—Clarksburg & New Martinsville, daily except Sunday; leave 2:30 p. m.  
EAST BOUND.  
No. 56—New Martinsville & Clarksburg, daily except Sunday; arrive 11:18 a. m.  
No. 58—New Martinsville & Clarksburg, daily; arrive 8:15 a. m.  
D. B. MARTIN, M. P. T., Baltimore, Md.  
C. W. BASSETT, G. P. A., Baltimore, Md.  
J. MCC. MARTIN, T. P. A., Parkersburg, W. Va.  
C. H. TOWLES, C. T. A., Clarksburg, W. Va.

Pineules contain the alternative and diuretic properties found in the native pine. A certain cure for all liver, kidney and bladder diseases. A single dose of Pineules will relieve the worst case of backache in one night. Sold by Stone & Mercer.

## STREET CAR SCHEDULE.

The depot car will leave the Court House first trip for the depot, 6:00 a. m. and every 10 minutes until 11:30 p. m. at trip.  
The Monticello and Broad Oaks car leaves the Court House first trip for Broad Oaks, 6:10 a. m. and every 20 minutes, until 10:10 p. m., last trip meeting the depot car each trip at the Court House.  
The Wilsonburg and O'Neil cars leave the Waldo Hotel every 40 minutes, first trip 6:30 a. m., last trip, 11:10 p. m. for Adamston, Wilsonburg and O'Neil.  
The Adamston car leaves the Waldo Hotel every 40 minutes from 6:50 a. m. until 11:30 p. m., last trip for Adamston.  
The Grasselli car leaves the Court House 6:20 a. m. and every 40 minutes until 10:20 p. m., for the Industrial and Grasselli.

The most wonderful cure for piles is Manzan, put up in collapsible Tubes with nozzle attached. It reaches the spot, stops pain instantly and cures all kinds of blind, bleeding, itching or protruding piles. Sold by Stone & Mercer.

## BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD Special Low Fares—Summer Season 1905.

ATLANTIC CITY—Cape May, Ocean City and Sea Isle City, N. J., Ocean City, Md. and Rehoboth Beach, Del. Special excursions operated June 22, July 6, and 20, August 3, 17 and 31. Tickets good sixteen days.  
DENVER, COL.—G. A. R. Encampment, September 4-7.  
PORTLAND, ORE.—Lewis and Clark Centennial Exposition, June 1 Oct 15.  
Special announcements from time to time.

For detailed information call on or address Ticket Agent Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

Fertilizers at your own price at D. K. Reed & Co's. aprtft.

WM. TELL FLOUR Guaranteed Best.

## THE TRAVELING BIRD

PUZZLING PERFORMANCE OF THE RED EYED VIREO.

Does He Fly a Thousand Miles in a Single Night?—Where Does the Mysterious Chimney Swift Go For Five Months Out of Every Year?

A man who travels 10,000 miles in a year is counted a "globe trotter" of unusual energy. But our common night hawk, that every American boy and girl knows, thinks nothing of having a summer home up in Alaska and a winter resort in Argentina and traveling the 7,000 miles between twice a year. Its annual trip often covers 115 degrees of latitude.

And some of our shore birds, a government naturalist tells us, are still more inveterate voyagers, making extra flights and covering 10,000 miles or so a year.

Voyaging by the air line is sometimes extremely rapid transit. The summer warbler that spends the winter in Central America and the nesting season at Great Slave lake, far up in the arctic, travels twice as fast as the spring dove. One hundred and sixteen miles a day is the record so far for Great Slave lake, the speed always increasing as the birds move northward. The robin is an old fashioned, leisurely tourist in comparison with some other species. It never does more than seventy miles a day. The average rate for all migrating birds from New Orleans to Minnesota is about twenty-three miles a day. But after leaving Minnesota several species of feathered migrants make first 40, then 72 and finally 150 miles a day before they reach Alaska.

The bird traveler that gives the naturalist the hardest transportation problem to solve is the red eyed vireo. It winters in Central America and appears each spring at the mouth of the Mississippi, traveling twenty miles a day. At this leisurely rate it proceeds for six weeks, all the way up to the latitude of northern Nebraska. Then suddenly, in the space of twenty-four hours and before a single red eyed vireo has been seen anywhere in the region between the mouth of the river and British Columbia, a thousand miles to the northwest.

This puzzling performance is repeated every year. Unless the red eyed vireo flies a thousand miles in a single night, how does it manage this bewildering schedule?

Nobody knows, but then nobody knows either where the chimney swift goes for five months out of every year.

Great flocks of chimney swifts, with numberless fledglings among them, leave the United States every autumn. Their movements can be easily followed till their various migrating bands join into a countless host on the northern coast of the gulf of Mexico. One day they are there; the next day they are nowhere.

Five months later, in March, a joyful twittering far up in the air heralds their reappearance on the same spot plump and brisk after their winter sojourn. But where the winter has been spent only the swifts know. It used to be a tradition, made out of "whole cloth" that they hibernated in the mud. But that merely showed the hopeless attitude of men's minds toward the problem, for no swift was ever found in the mud in any known spot. What mud? Where? was there the natural question, never answered, and leaving the mystery deeper and muddier than ever.

The golden plover, too, has a yearly schedule of travel known to the naturalist in every detail.

In June it reaches the "barren grounds" far in the arctic circle, where Greely found these bird voyagers as far north as latitude 81 degrees. The nests are built on the moss, close above the frozen ground; the young are reared, and then the flocks hasten to Labrador in August, where the crowberry grows for their benefit so thickly that when they leave the feeding place in the fall their bodies are plump almost to bursting, and their very flesh is stained red with the crimson juice of the berries they have eaten.

They strike straight for the Antilles and for South America beyond, more than 2,500 miles in all. The plover can swim, however, and rest on the ocean wave, and on the way down it frequently feeds in the Sargasso sea, where, far out in the Atlantic, thousands of square miles of seaweed teem with marine life.

After resting a few weeks in the Antilles the plover starts afresh, this time for Patagonia and southern Argentina. Unlike other birds, it puts its whole mind to traveling and flies both night and day. Six months in Patagonia, and then back it travels to the arctic by way of Guatemala, Texas and the Mississippi. The whole yearly route forms a great, irregular ellipse, 8,000 miles long and 3,000 miles across at its widest point. Surely, marvelous as were the stories about the migration of birds believed by the ignorant in early unscientific times, the truth is, as usual, stranger than fiction.—Youth's Companion.

## Influenza and Turpentine.

In the year 1889, when influenza was epidemic throughout Europe, many workmen contracted the disease in three watch factories at Madretsch, Germany, and a number died. At one factory at Madretsch, however, the disease did not appear. Investigation showed that oil of turpentine was used in the turning of the metals used for watch cases. The oil became warm and evaporated, and the workmen inhaled the air laden with it. This seemed to protect them against the disease. Since then oil of turpentine has been always evaporated in that factory upon a stove, and not a case of influenza has ever occurred there.

The James & Caw Co.'s fountain strictly sanitary. June20th

Refreshing and delicious drink at the James & Law Co. June20th

## BREAK O' DAY

[Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.] When Preston stepped out into the gray November morning the camp was wrapped in silence. Far away to the east a streak of gold heralded the coming day.

The giant pines stood grim and black against the sky, and the little group of log shelters seemed timid pygmies nestling beneath them for protection. There was a touch of frost in the air which set the man's teeth chattering. He picked up his gun and strode briskly through the underbrush toward the little pond some rods back of the camp. It was an ideal morning for black ducks, and unless he was vastly mistaken, he told himself, there should be quite a flock of them paddling about the pond. He jammed a shell into either barrel of the gun, and, snapping the breech shut, he began to move cautiously through the woods, carefully avoiding the broken twigs lest the noise of his footsteps should alarm his quarry.

The last few yards between the camp and the pond he covered on his hands and knees, creeping silently forward and pausing now and then to peer through the half light and listen intently.

When finally he reached the pond the band of gold along the eastern horizon had widened, and the light was considerably stronger. There were the ducks, just as he had expected. In the middle of the pond was a large flock, while close at hand a dozen black figures lay quietly on the surface of the water. Very cautiously he raised the gun, took a long, cool aim at the nearest birds and pulled the right barrel. To his unbounded amazement not a bird rose from the nearest group. The large flock in the middle of the pond rose with a great flapping of wings and hoarse croaks of alarm. He fired at them with the left barrel, but the distance was too great for the shot to inflict any apparent damage on the retreating flock.

He jumped to his feet and stood staring at the dozen black dots still motionless on the water. To his infinite chagrin, he discovered that those twelve motionless figures were canvas decoys, two of them with gaping sides where his shot had told. He had wasted his ammunition on the decoys, while the ducks themselves had flown away unharmed.

As he turned disgustedly from the pond a peal of merry laughter echoed from the underbrush. He made his way toward the sound and beheld Miss Cuyler seated on the ground, a gun mired in her knees and tears of merriment streaming down her face. Preston stared at her in amazed helplessness.

"You here?" he muttered incredulously.

The girl held her sides. "I made an early start for black ducks, too," she explained, "and while I was waiting for the flock to come in nearer you came stalking along and—and—" She went into another spasm of merriment. "I come—I say—and, oh, I heard!" she gasped, breathless from laughter.

"You heard?" Preston said in dismay. "I didn't really intend to say that. It slipped out before I thought."

"I see," she said mockingly. "You'd better get the punt and fish out those damaged decoys, or the story of your adventure may get around."

Preston turned to her questioningly. "Aren't you going to tell the story to the camp?" he asked.

"No," she said smilingly.

He looked at her with undisguised relief. "You are a trump!" he said emphatically.

She laughed lightly. "So long as I've frightened all the ducks out of the vicinity with my cannonading I suppose we may as well go back to camp for breakfast," he suggested.

He helped her to her feet, and they trudged back through the underbrush.

Preston noted that she was doubly pretty with her short skirt and shooting jacket and the frosty air bringing out the color in her cheeks. And of course, he told himself bitterly, it must needs be before her of all women in the world that he had made an idiot of himself.

Halfway back to camp the girl turned to him impulsively. "I'm going to make a confession," she said.

They paused under a tall pine. The first rays of the sun were lighting the tree tops.

"You didn't blow holes in both those decoys," she said. "I fixed the first one just as you did an hour before you came. It was very dark then, you see," she added by way of extenuation.

"You took a shot at the decoys, too?" he cried.

She nodded slowly. "You are very generous to tell me that," he said, with considerable warmth.

"It's only fair to tell you," she said, and then added: "You looked so funny, and it would make such a beautiful story to tell the camp. Now you have a story on me equally as good. That will hold my tongue in check."

Preston looked at her gratefully. "I'll tell you what let's do," he said suddenly. "Let's pool our secrets."

"Our duck secrets?" she asked.

"All our secrets," he said, taking her hand and drawing her to him. "Let's establish a community of interests—for two."

The girl's glance dropped. "If—if you think best?"—she began.

"I do," he declared earnestly. "Now we'll go back to camp and announce it. It will make almost as good a story as the one they will never hear."

HARRISON SMITH.

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## The Impostor

[Copyright, 1905, by T. C. McClure.] In the year 1802 a young man named Arthur Messmore, son of an English squire who was well to do, set out for Australia to set up a sheep ranch. He was heard of at intervals for the next three years, and then came the report that he had been killed by natives while on an expedition in the wilds.

One day the son who was supposed to be dead arrived home in the best of health. He told a story of having been captured instead of killed, of having been held a prisoner for years, of living a Crusoe life on an uninhabited island off the coast, of putting to sea at last on a raft and being finally picked up adrift and brought home in a merchantman. The son was welcomed as one returned from the dead. Of course he had changed greatly in his looks, but after a day or two his mother and father were perfectly satisfied as to his identity. If they had not been he was prepared with plenty of proofs.

Day by day and hour by hour Arthur, the restored son, mentioned incidents and adventures of his boyhood, often calling up things long forgotten by parents and neighbors. It was the same with him and his history. He remembered a secret hiding place known only to members of the family.

The son had been home six months when his father died. All property was left to Arthur by will, and he was to have the care of his mother as long as she lived. A month after the funeral a girl twenty years old named Annie Shaw returned to the place to visit her sister. She had been the child playmate of Arthur, but her people had moved away some years before he went to Australia. She had heard of the man's return and was much interested. He called on her and greeted her with a great show of cordiality.

At first she was puzzled. Then she became distrustful and suspicious. From her fifth to her ninth birthday she had seen Arthur almost every day, and of course hundreds of little incidents had occurred. Out of the hundreds he could recall only two or three. After they had met three or four times the girl became satisfied that the man before her was an impostor. True, he greatly resembled Arthur, but the story that had satisfied so many others failed to satisfy her. She found his memory at fault in many things, and day by day her suspicions grew.

On a certain occasion when she was about six years old she had become mired in a swamp when walking in the woods with Arthur. It had taken him half an hour to extricate her. On another occasion while they were paddling about a lake the boat had filled with water and sunk under them, and both had nearly been drowned. Again, a pony had run away with her and thrown her into a roadside ditch, and Arthur had carried her home on his back because of her sprained ankle. She led up to these things and many others in conversation, but he seemed totally ignorant of them.

Miss Shaw was fully satisfied that the man before her was a villain, but how to unmask him was another matter. Her mother and all the people about were satisfied that he was the long lost son, and anything said to the contrary would have met with ridicule. The girl was very determined, however, and she soon decided on a plan to pave the way. There was an old woman living in the neighborhood who told fortunes, and she agreed to extend her aid. For the next month all people coming to her were given a hint that Arthur Messmore was not what he claimed to be. This soon caused talk for miles around, and the talk soon resulted in distrust and suspicion. Some of the local papers picked the matter up and declared that the mystery surrounding young Messmore's death in faraway Australia had never been properly cleared up, and so it came about after three months that the lawyers took a hand in the case.

The young man had kept posted as to what was going on and had laughed all talk to scorn. His mother declared it a shame that his identity should be questioned, and when public opinion finally forced an investigation she was on hand to pledge her life that no mistake had been made. The first hour's investigation proved her in the wrong. A great gale had blown down a huge beech tree one night while Arthur was yet at home, and in its fall it had killed two dogs in their kennel. The supposed son could tell nothing of the incident. A score of other things were called up to test him, and he failed in all of them.

It was then found that he was arranging to dispose of all his property and flee the country, and he was taken into custody until a new investigation could be made in Australia. Ball was given, and Arthur went back home, accompanied by his mother. She had been made to doubt him, but she still hoped that he would be able to clear himself.

In the course of a month, without having reaped any particular benefit from the property, he disappeared and was never heard of again. A new investigation revealed the fact that the true Arthur Messmore was dead, but it fastened no crime on the other. The two had probably been "chums" for years, and during that time the false Arthur had drawn the incidents of his life from the other, and when left free to do so he had returned to England and played the impostor.

But for the girl friend of his boyhood there would never a question have been raised, and he would have lived and died as the true son of the father and mother who welcomed him so warmly after his years of peril and absence.

M. QUAD.

WM. TELL FLOUR Guaranteed Best.

The approach of spring reminds us of something cool and refreshing. Get it at Sturm & Wilson's drug store. June24th

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## THE GREATEST EPOCH OF MARRIAGE

The first is the most crucial time. If for the first time the greatest event in your married life is about to occur, how expectant, how wrapt up in it you find yourselves.

You try to overlook, but in vain, that element of uncertainty and danger that you have been led to expect from the experience of those mothers and fathers who have struggled through this ordeal in ignorance of

## Mother's Friend

what it is, and what it does. If at this time every expectant man and wife might know of this greatest of boons, devised for the express purpose of alleviating and dispelling the suffering and consequent danger of child-birth, how quickly would all doubt and worry be dissipated.

Mother's Friend is an invaluable liniment for external massage, through whose potent agency countless mothers have been enabled to experience the joy of parturition for the first time without danger to themselves or their offspring.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.

## BOWLING ALLEY OPENS IN METROPOLITAN

George L. Jett has purchased the Metropolitan bowling alley and will continue the business in the Metropolitan building on Pike street. Beginning Monday night, July 31, the alley will be in full operation. Every thing is practically new and has been put in first-class shape. The public will be treated courteously and every thing will be done to make games pleasant and enjoyable. A liberal share of the public patronage is solicited by Mr. Jett. 31j15t

One dose of Pineules taken at bedtime will entirely relieve the most obstinate case of backache before morning. Pineules is a certain cure for all kidney and bladder troubles.—Sold by Stone & Mercer.

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An improvement over all Cough, Lung and Bronchial Remedies. Cures Coughs, Strengthens the Lungs, gently moves the Bowels. Pleasant to the taste and good alike for Young and Old.

\*Prepared by PINEULE MEDICINE CO., Chicago, U.S.A.

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## \$500 Reward

For information leading to the arrest and conviction of any person caught peddling a "Wedderburn Rye" bottle. "Wedderburn Rye" is the best whiskey on the American market. Address THE JOHN WEDDERBURN CO., Baltimore, Md.

## PATENTS

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Best Remedy for Children. Pleasant to take and no danger in an overdose. The old original Home Cure. Sold by all Medicine Stores in large bottles for 50 cts. Made only by DR. BOSANKO CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

## TAXPAYERS

A discount of 3 1/2 per cent. will be allowed on all city taxes from Aug. 1st 1905, to Sept. 1, 1905, if paid at the office of the City Treasurer, 209 Court street.

By order City Council, JOHN R. SREEL, Treasurer. Office hours: 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. 31julytoSept.

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FOR CONSUMPTION, COUGHS AND CROUPS. Price 50c & \$1.00 Free Trial.  
Surest and Quickest Cure for all THROAT and LUNG TROUBLES, or MONEY BACK.

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When at Weston see John Riley.

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Shareholders' Liability \$250,000.00

Security to Depositors \$500,000.00

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Resources (May 29, 1905) \$905,163.54

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